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Iowa Day

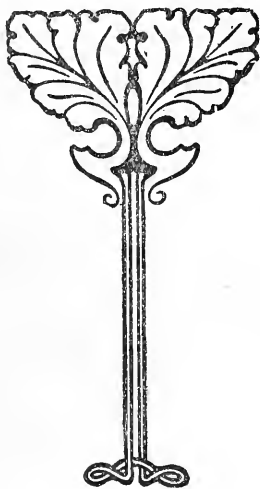
October 25, 1918



Iowa Day *and* Patriotism

Friday, October Twenty-fifth
Nineteen Hundred Eighteen

"Lafayette, We Are Here"
General Pershing at the Tomb of Lafayette



ALBERT M. DEYOE
Superintendent of Public Instruction
H. C. Hollingsworth, Chief Clerk

Issued by the
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Des Moines, Iowa

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FOREWORD

Two years ago there was an apparent awakening of interest in the things that Iowa was accomplishing, when the Iowa Day observance was suggested through the publication of a bulletin by the Department of Public Instruction. Last year the idea gained headway with splendid results; and, now the Department is expecting increased interest in the observance of Iowa Day, Friday, October 25, 1918, when the day will be devoted to stimulating loyal and patriotic sentiment under the leadership of our public schools.

When this state is known to have stood at the head of the column of states in its low per cent of illiteracy; when the Hawkeye state is credited with having carried off the highest honors in agricultural products shown at the world's great expositions; when her superiority in most types of Animal Husbandry is acknowledged everywhere; when her name has won fame and excellent credit throughout the marts of the world, it is very proper that these facts be recited until every person in our fair state shall know them as a part of his general fund of knowledge. If these things shall move us to an observance of one day in the year 1918 as Iowa Day, with what enthusiasm should we observe such a day when we reflect upon the record our state has made in the sale of Thrift Stamps, in War Saving Stamps, in Liberty Bonds and in the wonderful contribution our people have made to the Red Cross and hundreds of other benevolent and charitable institutions and undertakings.

Again, when we see beautiful service flags on every hand; in the windows of cottages and mansions, farm homes and shops, banks and mills, offices and forge rooms, club rooms and church auditoriums, and realize that "the bravest and best" of our manhood has put on the uniform of the American soldier, taken up the rifle and gone forth to prove to the world that Iowa men are willing to fight to the death a domineering and an arrogant foe to freedom, it produces such feelings of pride in our hearts that we cannot refrain from voicing the sentiment to the whole world that we are proud of our state and her achievements and doubly proud of our gallant soldier boys.

May the people of Iowa respond most heartily to this call. More than all else, may the appreciation of our people for what the fighting Iowans in foreign fields are doing be so voiced in prayer, in story, in song and in speech, that our gallant soldier lads, hearing that the Hawkeye state is back of her sons, will leap to their posts of duty, go over the top and never stop in their onward march to Berlin until the military and autocratic spirit of the despicable Hun is broken; so that, never again will those who love freedom be called upon to wage war in her or any other name.

A. M. DEYOE,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

INTRODUCTION

The teaching of patriotism should not be confined to special days, but should be a part of the daily program in every public school throughout the year.

The flag should be raised every morning and the proper salute given by all the children. The singing of the Star Spangled Banner and other patriotic songs should be of frequent occurrence.

A short, patriotic reading or recitation may be given each morning as a part of the opening exercises. Selections in this bulletin may be used for this purpose. No greater opportunity for the systematic teaching of patriotism has ever presented itself, than that afforded by the stirring times in which we are living. Teachers should not fail to use the opportunity. In preparing this bulletin we have had in mind the one thought of stimulating a more patriotic devotion to duty and to the claims of our country, and a closer adherence to the principles of liberty set forth in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Constitution of the United States.

The motto of our state—"Our liberties we prize and our rights we will maintain," should be instilled into the hearts of our children.

Appreciation is hereby expressed to William Leander Sheetz of Burlington, Iowa, for permission to print and use his song, "The United States"; also to the American Red Cross for the privilege of inserting the song entitled, "Behind the Guns in France," and to those who contributed material for the school programs. We also wish to express our thanks to other Iowans whose patriotic words we have been privileged to include in these pages. Selections have also been made from the addresses of President Wilson and other leading citizens of

our country and prominent representatives of our Allies, which are among the choicest selections of patriotic literature.

Following is a suggestive program for Iowa Day, which may be modified to suit local conditions:

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

I.

Music, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Saluting the Flag.

Reading the Governor's Letter.

Recitation.

Reading.

Music, "The United States," by William Leander Sheetz.

Reading

Recitation

(Selections should be taken from this Bulletin.)

Address, Local Speaker.

II.

School Pageant with suitable Music.

(See Bulletin.)

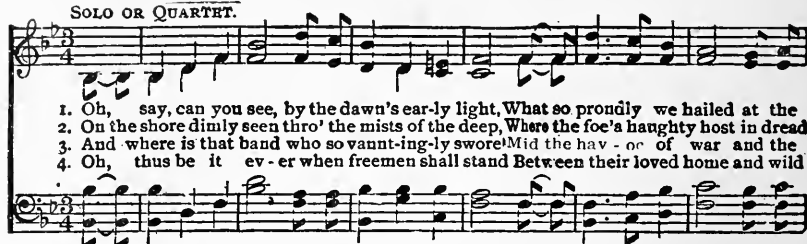
Music, (by audience) "America."

H. C. HOLLINGSWORTH, Chief Clerk.

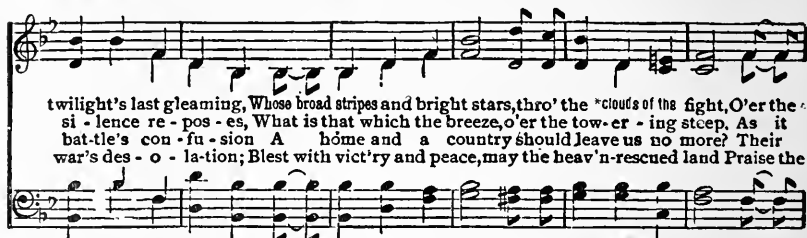
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

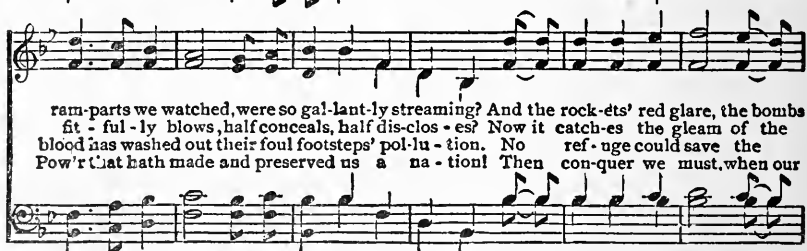
SOLO OR QUARTET.



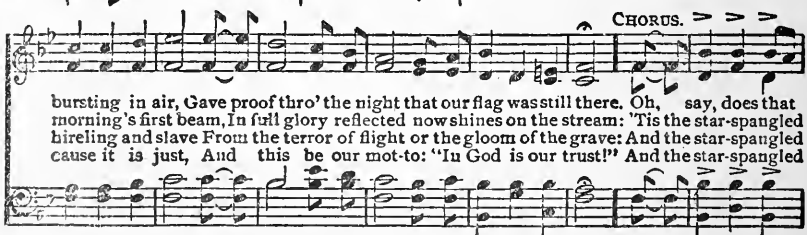
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing-ly swore! Mid the hav - oc of war and the
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Between their loved home and wild



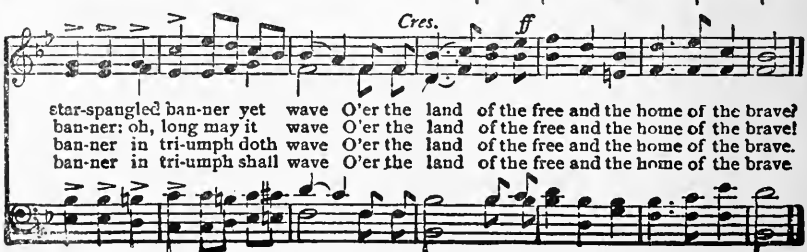
twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the "clouds of the fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 bat-tle's con - fu - sion A home and a country should leave us no more? Their
 war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu - tion. No ref - uge could save the
 Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion! Then con-quer we must, when our



CHORUS. > > >
 bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled
 hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled



Cres. ff
 star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 ban-ner: oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

IOWA.

W. L. HARDING.

It is fitting and proper that on this 25th day of October our people pause, take note of Iowa, and celebrate in the public schools.

Iowa is more than a bit of territory lying between two great rivers; in fact, this is but the location of the state. Iowa is the sum total of the lives of all the men, women and children who have ever lived or do now live within its borders.

Iowa has some scars. Every individual that does a wrong leaves a scar in the fair name of the state, and it takes the good acts of many people to overcome this bad effect. Iowa, however, is rich in the lives of noble men and women and boys and girls, who have left to those of us now privileged to dwell here their good deeds as capital with which to build.

The material wealth with which we have been blessed is but a convenience for a great and good people to use to make the state what it ought to be, leader in the real, human progress among all the states of the union.

Our cattle, our hogs, our grain are not Iowa; they are but evidences of the thrift, energy and resources of the state.

The real Iowa is our schools, our churches, our homes, our men, our women, our boys, our girls. History does not record the fact that there was any 800-pound hogs in Iowa in 1861, but it is in the minds of all that our men and women sprang to the defense of the country at the request of President Lincoln.

States, like individuals, have character. That Iowa can be trusted and is looked to for leadership is due to the splendid men and women who have builded in the past. The humble have had part in this character building as well as the more fortunate. Let this thought be your consolation and inspiration: it matters not what may be your lot or station, if you live a truly noble life, each day doing whatever good you may find to do, and avoiding evil, you are a worthy and helpful citizen of a great tsate. Know the real lasting Iowa; her men, her women, her institutions.

Executive Chamber,
State House, Des Moines, Iowa.
September 16, 1918.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND PATRIOTISM.

ALBERT B. CUMMINS.

If there are places where the tide of patriotism should run higher and stronger than in any others, they are in the schools of the United States, and especially in the schools of Iowa. If I felt that the boys and girls of America who, at this moment, are enjoying the inestimable advantages of free schools in a free and independent country were not wholeheartedly for complete victory in the gigantic conflict in which we are engaged, my hope for Christian civilization would disappear.

Whatever may have been believed at one time, it is now clear that a German triumph in this world-wide war means the overthrow of our independence as a nation, the destruction of our institutions, the extinction of our hopes for the future and the ultimate subjugation of our people. If Germany wins our schools will not be filled with earnest, buoyant, ambitious young men and women eager to enter the paths of life which lead to high success and the most honorable stations, but with submissive, spiritless and timid souls content to obey the tyrannical commands of a brutal master. Who would barter his chance under the liberty and inspiration of America for the degradation of a conquered people!

We will win, of course, but it is vitally important that we win,—completely, overwhelmingly. The insane ambition of the Prussian autocracy must be destroyed forever. The military power which sustains this mad malice against the world must be utterly destroyed.

There is but one way to make it even reasonably certain that there will be honorable peace in the years to come. It is to disarm Germany and keep her disarmed. Before we reach this righteous end heavy burdens will fall upon us, and we must bear them not only patriotically, but with ardor and enthusiasm. Many of our best and bravest boys will give their lives on the battlefield, and our hearts will be filled with grief; but we must always remember that they are dying like heroes and that their blood is the salvation of all future generations.

We earnestly hope that this universal war may be the last

catastrophe of its kind which will ever scourge the human race. When the hate of humanity which now seems to inflame the German mind is burned out of the human family, the civilized world will take up in deep seriousness the task of making it impossible for any nation to bring such ruin and desolation upon the people of the earth as we are now witnessing.

The boys and girls in the schools of the country will have their part in the great endeavor. It will be their contribution to the welfare of mankind.

United States Senate, Washington, D. C., Sept. 12. 1918.



THE ESSENCE OF PATRIOTISM.

LAFAYETTE YOUNG,

Chairman of the Iowa Council of National Defense.

I believe in the Bible and religion. I believe in the church and the school. I believe in education and every effort toward refinement. I believe in the outdoor life and in manly sports. I believe in giving the enthusiasm of youth a chance. I think every worthy performance in a public school should be greeted with applause. Encouragement goes a great way in this world. I believe in music and in flowers and shrubs. I believe every boy and, so far as possible, every girl should be taught to swim. Every boy should be a good horseback rider. He should know how to harness and unharness a team. He ought to know how to shoot a gun; row a boat. He ought to know something about trees and their woods. He ought to be somewhat familiar with botany. We ought to let our lives out, instead of shutting our lives in. I believe in a democratic form of government. I believe in education as a means of making life enjoyable. I believe in the American flag and also in defending it. I am opposed to autocracy. I am in favor of the people electing the officers and authorizing them to make our own laws. I believe in manual labor. Men who are too indolent to work generally become criminals. They want the results of someone's else labor without performing any of their own. There can be no joy without labor and we ought to learn to put enthusiasm into labor. Then our tasks become easy, especially if we work for the benefit of somebody else and not solely for our own benefit.

"IOWA DAY" IN 1918.

MRS. FRANCES E. WHITLEY,

Chairman Women's Council National Defense—Iowa Division.

The pupils in our public schools will, this year celebrate an "Iowa Day" different from any they have ever known.

They will remember that thousands of the boys who once attended these schools are today far from the green hills and golden harvest fields of Iowa; across the sea, on the battle-scarred soil of France, they are fighting for the principles of human liberty for which our country stands.

We read from day to day of their splendid courage, their deeds of heroism, and our hearts beat high with love and pride.

We see in the published "Roll of Honor" the names of those who have made the supreme sacrifice and we know that they have fallen, fighting our battles for us.

As long as any of us live, we shall look back upon these years as a time when history was being made and the destinies of nations decided.

There is something lacking in the nature of one who, remembering all these things, does not long to do something to help "the forces that fight for freedom."

Such an opportunity is offered to every man and woman, to every pupil in our schools. By saving the food that we may share with our Allies, by helping in the Red Cross, by practicing economy and self-denial that we buy the War Savings Stamps and Liberty Loan bonds which provide funds for supplies and munitions and ships, by giving unswerving and loyal devotion to our country and flag, we may each have at least a small share in winning the war and bringing a victory which shall mean a better, kindlier, freer world.



WHY WE ARE OVER THERE.

N. E. KENDALL,

From Memorial Day Address in Des Moines, May 30, 1918.

American rights have been invaded, American blood has been spilled. American lives have been sacrificed, and we are at war,—not with the proletariat of Germany after it shall be undeceived, but with the autocracy of Germany until it shall be overwhelmed; not with the ethics of Kant nor the literature

of Goethe nor the music of Wagner, but with the savagery of Hindenburg and the turpitude of Bernstorff and the diabolism of William the Second. It is the age old conflict between right and justice and liberty on the one hand, and wrong and oppression and absolutism on the other. For us to remain isolated and aloof, to hesitate to spend and be spent, when these fundamental forces are in death grapple, would be too paltry, too base, too infamous, to be contemplated. And so we unsheath again the sword which always enforces rectitude, and over it we unfurl again the flag which always symbolizes righteousness. We battle now as in the past for extirpation of despotisms and the establishments of democracies; for the expulsion of monarchs and the enfranchisement of men. This is the superb program to which we have unreservedly dedicated ourselves. And at this vital juncture I say to you this afternoon as Otis said to his Massachusetts neighbors after Bunker Hill—"No man can be passive while right is on the scaffold and wrong is on the throne!"—and as Douglass said to his Springfield constituents after Sumpter—"Whoever is not for the government is against it, and whoever is against the government is a traitor!"

The exigency is alarming and our obligation is imperative, but we shall valiantly meet the one and faithfully discharge the other, for our noble boys are "over there" in unnumbered thousands for the rehabilitation of an afflicted world. Without regard to nationality, without reference to religion, without respect to politics, they have gone forth to war; to war for humanity, to war for us, to war for all the near and distant generations of the future. They are leaving all, giving all, suffering all, in the most stupendous service ever engrossed upon the calendar of time. We thank God that we can make the claim and have the claim allowed that from the general at his headquarters to the private in his dugout these boys are ours—the brightest ornaments which adorn the diadem of a free republic. Heaven bless them one and all! But some of them will not return. O, my dear friends, in the terrible tribulation which is before us may we remember Lexington and Saratoga and Yorktown, Shilo and Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, Manila Bay and San Juan and Santiago, and every consecrated battle place where men have fought and bled and died for us; and may that hallowed memory keep us true and staunch and steadfast to the end.

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet;
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

IOWA: AN APPRECIATION.

JAMES B. WEAVER.

In this crisis in the life of the nation, Iowa's responsibility is irrevocably measured by the degree of her pre-eminence in the sisterhood of states. For fifty years we have extolled her tremendous resources, the security of her civilization, the glory of her traditions and the spirit of her free citizenship. Every one of these elements in her life is involved in the world struggle, and as we have claimed to be the inheritors of God's special blessing, so now no loyal son or daughter of Iowa can remain worthy of American citizenship who is not ready to make instant response to every call to uphold the flag. This great struggle, as Iowa does her duty, will lend an added splendor to her glorious record. Her sons, falling upon European battlefields link the State in a new way to France under whose dominion every acre in Iowa once rested.

Every county in the State exceeds in value the entire consideration paid for the Louisiana Purchase. At every stage of our national life we are in debt to France. She asks nothing in return but to march and suffer and triumph by our side. The men and women of Iowa will answer that call.



AN IOWA CREED.

ORA WILLIAMS.

We are a small part of a big world. But we have found we are larger than we thought we were, and the world is not so big after all. For every Iowan there are 750 other persons somewhere; but situated as we are close to the heart of a Nation where more than five per cent of the world's population are true sovereigns our influence is bounded neither by continents nor the seas. Our fertile acres are but a garden plot for this great world, yet we can and will feed millions. But neither numbers nor acres measure our duty or our possibilities.

We consecrate all that we are and all that we have to the winning of the war. We have contributed of our brain and our brawn, of our men and our money, to strengthen the cause we believe to be right. With generous sentiment Iowa has approved all that has been done and is being done to organize an invincible army and navy for service over there, and has

sent word to the world that we have dedicated every man capable of bearing arms and every acre that will produce food to the cause that is today nearest the heart of every lover of mankind.

To our generation was given the glorious task of upholding the integrity of civilization against the final attack of the decayed remnant of feudal despotism. Our strength is limited only by our will to do. Our forefathers followed their flag the way to equal rights for all men, and now our brothers and our sons and our daughters are taking the flag around the world to compel recognition of the fact that Nations, as well as men, have the inalienable right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The victory will be decisive and we shall organize a league of nations to police the globe.

Iowa boys, by the side of those from 47 other states and all our territories, are to be found in the long lines of khaki-clad battalions marching by a thousand lanes to the battlefields of beautiful, stricken, but courageous France, and of resolute Italy and martyred Belgium. They are our message of good cheer to our brothers of Britannia. Millions of Slavonic peoples of Europe and Asia rightly look to them for hope of emancipation from their centuries of tyranny and injustice. When we flung the starry stripes to the breeze on the banks of the Marne and the Moselle it was notice served upon a brutal dynasty, drunken with medieval visions of world mastery, that its puppets shall no longer amuse themselves by destroying the fruits of centuries of loving toil in the arts of peace. On the fields of Picardy and Flanders and Lorraine no degenerate kaiser shall be permitted to succeed in that which was beyond the power of Caesar and Attila and Charlemagne.

Iowa is wholly consecrated to the cause of freedom. We take inspiration from the sorrowful fact that the first American sacrifice to the tyrant of the trenches was the son of an Iowa mother. We rejoice that the splendid spirit of the Iowa guardsmen was carried to the battle line with the first American flag. These men who are at the front and others who are on the way know that the hearts of Iowa people are with them at all times. We who live surrounded by Nature's bounty, will not forget that other equally fair lands have been devastated by war, and we shall not shrink from doing our part to restore those lands and release their suffering inhabitants from threatened slavery.

AMERICA FIRST.

MARTIN J. WADE.

Paragraphs from address of Judge Martin J. Wade before the America First association at the auditorium in St. Paul, Minn.

My friends, where are your hearts tonight? Can you keep your hearts and thoughts from turning, in sad contemplation, to the awful tragedy across the sea? Can you picture in your mind something of the scenes there enacted yesterday? And the day before? And the day before? Yes, and tonight? For at this very moment, while we are assembled here in this hall, over there, out on the front our men are falling and dying—out there under the stars. Can you imagine, even in a slight degree, those awful scenes, with hundreds of thousands of men—hundreds of thousands of human beings—dying and mangled? Can you see the heaps of dead and broken men? Can you imagine the rivers of blood flowing? Can you conceive the awful roar of battle as those great guns carry their deadly missiles miles and miles into the solid walls of humanity? Can you picture these conditions? Can you feel something of the terror that came to those poor people over there during this last terrible drive?

Let's get this in our minds definitely: let us fully understand that the dead strewn today on the battlefields of France is Germany's answer to the proposal of the American people that the butchery should stop, and that the blessings of peace should be brought to a suffering world.

When I saw that at Camp Dodge, before all the buildings were completed, the Catholic clergy were celebrating mass in the Y. M. C. A. building, and when I saw the non-Catholic chaplains holding service in the Knights of Columbus building, and when it came to me that the chaplains there at the camp representing the different religious denominations were working side by side, and shoulder to shoulder in unity of effort, trying to keep those boys who were away from their homes, right with God, I said,—“Thank God, they are getting together.”

Look out of the window and see the boys marching by, in step with the drum beat, following the flag. They are marching away to the camp—if your own boy is there, you won't see them for the tears. There they go—side by side—the boy

from the German home—the boy from the Swedish home—the boy from the home of Irish parents and Scotch parents, and French parents, and Norwegian parents—the sons of every race. There they go with steady step—the banker's boy, and the son of the street cleaner; the lawyer's boy and the farmer's boy; the Methodist boy, the Jewish boy, the Catholic boy—the boy of every creed, marching side by side, following the flag on up to the camp, then down to the coast,—on to the transports, and across the great ocean with all its peril, and over upon the fields of France—side by side—shoulder to shoulder; then down into the trenches side by side, and side by side many of them will die; and I tell you, that in the mingled blood of those boys of different creeds and races, and classes, we are going to build a new America—stronger, more powerful, more just, and more free than ever before.

Yes, the war brings its burdens, but it is also bringing to us blessings that we never knew before. Oh, if we would just keep the spirit up! Oh, if we can only keep the spirit right—the heart right, we will have no difficulty in winning this war.



THE MEN OF THE MAINE.

ROBERT G. COUSINS.

No human speech can add anything to the silent gratitude, the speechless reverence, already given by a great and grateful nation to its dead defenders and to their living kin. No act of Congress providing for their needs can make restitution for their sacrifice. Human nature does, in human ways, its best, and still feels deep in debt.

Expressions of condolence have come from every country and from every clime, and every nerve of steel and ocean cable has carried on electric breath the sweetest, tenderest words of sympathy for that gallant crew who manned the *Maine*. But no human recompense can reach them. Humanity and time remain their everlasting debtors. It was a brave and strong and splendid crew. They were a part of the blood and bone and sinew of our land. Two of them were of my native State of Iowa.

Some were only recently at the United States Naval Academy, where they had so often heard the morning and the

evening salutation to the flag—that flag which had been interwoven with the dearest memories of their lives, that had colored all their friendships with the lasting blue of true fidelity. But whether they came from naval school or civil life, from one State or another, they called each other comrade—that gem of human language which sometimes means but little less than love and a little more than friendship, that gentle salutation of the human heart which lives in all the languages of man, that winds and turns and runs through all the joys and sorrows of the human race, through deed and thought and dream, through song and toil and battlefield.

No foe had ever challenged them. The world can never know how brave they were. They never knew defeat; they never shall. While at their posts of duty sleep lured them into the abyss; then death unlocked their slumbering eyes but for an instant to behold its dreadful carnival, most of them just when life was full of hope and all its tides were at their highest, grandest flow; just when the early sunbeams were falling on the steeps of fame and flooding all life's landscape far out into the dreamy, distant horizon; just at that age when all the nymphs were making diadems and garlands, waving laurel wreaths before the eyes of young and eager nature—just then, when death seemed most unnatural.

Hovering above the dark waters of that mysterious harbor of Havana, the black-winged vulture watches for the belated dead, while over it and over all there is the eagle's piercing eye sternly watching for the truth.

Whether the appropriation carried by this resolution shall be ultimately charged to fate or to some foe shall soon appear. Meanwhile a patient and a patriotic people, enlightened by the lessons of our history, remembering the woes of war, both to the vanquished and victorious, are ready for the truth and ready for their duty.

“The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.”

MAKING AN AMERICAN.

ALBERT M. DEYOE.

From annual address before the Iowa State Teachers' Association.

In the great conflict taking place, America is committed to the cause of human rights and human liberty. America is dedicated to the propaganda that no monarch shall become world-powerful, and that the ruler of no nation, however great, shall be permitted to prey upon a weaker state. It is vital that the American ideal should win. It *must* win.

There should be no lack of loyalty and whole-hearted support of the Government on the part of every individual who remains within our borders. There can be only one standard of patriotism that should suffice or that should be tolerated, and that is a standard of one hundred per cent of loyalty, service and cooperation by every person who lives in America. Disloyalty to the Government that has afforded opportunity to all the nationalities of the globe is vicious and intolerable. May peace come soon;—not peace based on compromise, but peace based on right and justice. Compromise with the liquor traffic will never settle the temperance question. Compromise did not settle the slavery problem. Compromise with evil in any form will not destroy it. Compromise with cold blooded autocracy, as exemplified in the life of as great a tyrant as the world ever knew will not make democracy safe. Duty calls upon our people, American and Foreign born, to stand unitedly and devotedly with our boys in Olive Drab in defense of the principle that every man, woman and child shall have a chance in life and that ruthless brutality committed upon helpless women and innocent children shall never again be practiced by any nation or people. * * *

Let the school regularly conduct lessons in civic duty and patriotism that our boys and girls may grow up with a proper appreciation of what it means to be "An American." May the flag, floating over every school house in the land, be an inspiration to them to prepare for useful and loyal citizenship. Cultivate reverence, one of the holiest of virtues, by giving the salute to the flag and by reciting the pledge of loyalty to *our* Flag and *our* Nation.

ELIMINATION OF GERMAN FROM THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ALBERT M. DEYOE.

From circular of the Superintendent of Public Instruction issued
April 15, 1918.

Except for the ambition of the German nation, the world might be at peace. The western front is the scene of the greatest tragedy in all the annals of warfare. The hundreds of thousands of human lives that are being sacrificed is of little consequence to the Kaiser and the heartless autocracy which he represents in a mad effort to gain world power. Women and children are debauched, crippled, or slaughtered without mercy. Desolation unspeakable follows in the wake of the army of the Huns. American soldiers are giving their lives in defense of human rights in the trenches; unfit places of habitation except for vermin and miserable animal life. Our Nation is raising billions of dollars to support our soldier boys and the armies of our Allies.

Because of these conditions, we believe that everything that can be done should be done at once to unify our people in language, customs, and ideals, and in loyalty to our country. Things "made in Germany," including the language, have become unpopular in the United States of America. Surely the time has come to stop honoring the "Germany of today" by teaching the German language to our boys and girls. We, therefore, recommend that the study of German be discontinued in our public schools.

Let it be remembered that nationality or ancestry should no longer divide our people. There are but two classes, Americans and anti-Americans. There should be but one class. We love all loyal Americans regardless of ancestry. We have nothing but contempt for the disloyal person who has been the beneficiary of the American government and its institutions. Many of our loyal and industrious people came to America in search of opportunity and they found it. The making of a loyal, efficient and responsible American citizen of every person, native born as well as of those who enter our gates from foreign lands, is the vital matter. *First and foremost*, the public schools should emphasize better teaching of the established language of our country and the teaching of the principles of our government.

A GREATER IOWA.

H. C. HOLLINGSWORTH.

The spirit of a greater Iowa is in the air. We are to become greater agriculturally, greater industrially, greater commercially, greater educationally, greater in the extent of happy homes, greater in the number of prosperous citizens.

We have the sun and the moon and the stars. We have day and night and the seasons. We have the land and the location. We have energy and perseverance. Let us boost for expansion, boost for growth, boost for civic righteousness, boost for better municipal management, boost for honesty in politics, boost for good laws, boost for ways and means to decrease poverty and suffering, boost for schools, boost for churches, boost for health, boost for rectitude in business, boost for personal integrity, and boost for our brave boys in the army. The way to reach the goal is for everybody to boost. We need to cultivate the highest ideals, practice self-denial, live economically, work perseveringly, spend judiciously, keep the heart right, and trust in God.



TEACHING PATRIOTISM.

H. C. HOLLINGSWORTH.

The observance of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln in the public schools should serve to keep alive in the minds of our youth all that is noble and inspiring in citizenship, elevating in character, and praiseworthy in self-denial and devotion to duty. These two men exemplify in a remarkable degree the highest traits of character, in the service they rendered the country, and their deeds have been glorified in poetry and song. While differing in personal characteristics, each was so overwhelmingly imbued with the love of country as to sacrifice every personal ambition to the service of his fellow men.

No truer types of patriotic citizenship could be held up before the boys and girls of America than Washington and Lincoln.

THE CREED OF IOWA.

J. EDWARD KIRBYE.

I believe in Iowa, land of limitless prairies, with rolling hills and fertile valleys, with winding and widening streams, with bounteous crops and fruit-laden trees, yielding to man their wealth, health.

I believe in Iowa, rich in her men and women of power and might. I believe in her authors and educators, her statesmen and ministers, whose intellectual and moral contribution is one of the mainstays of the Republic—true in the hour of danger and steadfast in the hour of triumph.

I believe in Iowa, magnet and meeting place of all nations, fused into a noble unity, Americans all, blended into a free people. I believe in her stalwart sons, her winsome women, in her colleges and churches, in her institutions of philanthropy and mercy, in her press, the voice and instructor of her common mind and will, in her leadership and destiny, in the magnificence of her opportunity and in the fine responsiveness of her citizens to the call of every higher obligation.

I believe in our commonwealth, yet young, and in the process of making, palpitant with energy and faring forth with high hope and swift step; and I covenant with the God of my fathers to give myself in service, mind and money, hand and heart, to explore and develop her physical, intellectual and moral resources, to sing her praises truthfully, to keep her politics pure, her ideals high, and to make better and better her schools and churches, her lands and homes, and to make her in fact what she is by divine right, the queen of all the commonwealths.

Note: This might be very effectively given by a group of Boy Scouts, each one repeating a statement of the creed and all joining in the covenant.



THE AMERICAN'S CREED.

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

STORY OF THE AMERICAN'S CREED.

The idea of laying special emphasis upon the duties and obligations of citizenship in the form of a national creed originated with Henry S. Chapin. In 1916-1917 a contest, open to all Americans, was inaugurated in the press throughout the country to secure "the best summary of the political faith of America." The contest was informally approved by the President of the United States. The artists and authors of the Vigilantes, especially, and representatives of other patriotic societies supported it; the city of Baltimore, as the birthplace of the Star Spangled Banner, offered a prize of \$1,000, which was accepted, and the following committees were appointed: A committee on manuscripts, consisting of Porter Emerson Browne and representatives from leading American magazines, with headquarters in New York City; a committee on award, consisting of Matthew Page Andrews, Irvin S. Cobb, Hamlin Garland, Ellen Glasgow, Julian Street, Booth Tarkington and Charles Hanson Towne; and an advisory committee, consisting of Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, Governors of States, United States Senators and other National and State officials.

The winner of the contest and the author of the Creed selected proved to be William Tyler Page of Friendship Heights, Maryland, a descendant of President Tyler and also of Carter Braxton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The Creed prepared by Mr. Page was recognized by all as not only brief and simple and in every way suitable for educational purposes, but also remarkably comprehensive of that which is basic in American ideals, history and tradition, as expressed by the founders of the Republic and its leading statesmen and writers. On April 3, 1918, in the presence of members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, The American's Creed was formally accepted in the name of the United States Government by the Speaker of the House, and it was there read in public for the first time by the United States Commissioner of Education, who has officially commended it as "a Creed worthy to be learned and accepted as a guide to action by all Americans."



PRESIDENT WILSON ON EDUCATION IN WAR TIME.

The White House,
Washington, 31 July, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Secretary:

I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as draft law will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the very greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare

and efficiency when the war is over. So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people. I would therefore urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people. I approve most heartily your plans for making through the Bureau of Education a comprehensive campaign for the support of the schools and for the maintenance of attendance upon them, and trust that you may have the cooperation in this work of the American Council on Education.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

Hon. FRANKLIN K. LANE,
Secretary of the Interior.



KEEP THE SCHOOLS GOING.

P. P. CLAXTON,
Commissioner of Education.

The President of the United States and all who are most closely connected with him in the administration of the Government, and who are therefore most responsible for the conduct of the war, have frequently expressed the opinion that all schools—elementary schools, high schools, colleges, and universities—should be kept up to their normal standards of efficiency during the war; that school-attendance and child-labor laws should be rightly observed; and that all boys and girls who are prepared for it and can possibly do so should attend high school or college as a patriotic duty unless called for some service which cannot be done so well by others. So frequently have they expressed this opinion and so constantly

have they urged in effect, as the President has urged in so many words, that "no boy or girl should have less opportunity for education because of the war," that this has come to be known as the policy of the administration on this subject.

I wish to impress upon all school officers and teachers and upon all men and women of influence in their States and local communities the importance of doing all they can to make all the people understand this policy and to create such sentiment for it as will compel the fullest possible compliance with it. For this, a higher sense of devotion to duty will be necessary than would be needed in normal times, because of the many temptations for other forms of service which are for the time more attractive.



PATRIOTIC WORDS.

What Eminent Men of the World Have Said on Patriotism and the War.

The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundation of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nations can make them.

—President Wilson.



DUTY OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

GEN. PERSHING'S INSTRUCTIONS.

"You are going into France and Belgium to help expel an invading army. Your first duty is to be soldiers, but your second duty, scarcely less important, is to help all who are poor and weak. You will, therefore, be courteous to all women and you will never have even a thought of what is evil or immoral. You will therefore abstain from the use of wine and liquor, and you will especially be very kind to little children. You will fear God, and honor your country, and win the world to liberty. God bless you and keep you."

This war would not have reached its final import had not the United States been led by the enemy himself to take part in it. To every impartial spirit it will be apparent, in the future more than ever in the past, that German imperialism, which desired, prepared and declared this war, had conceived the mad dream of establishing its hegemony throughout the world. It has succeeded only in bringing about a revolt of the conscience of humanity.

—President Poincare.

The Imperial war cabinet, representing all the people and all the nations of the British empire, wish me in their behalf to recognize the chivalry and courage which calls the people of the United States to dedicate the whole of their resources and service to the greatest cause that ever engaged human endeavor.

—David Lloyd George.

Seeing the conscience of peoples everywhere in the world awake and rise in an immense protest against the atrocities of which we are victims, we feel more keenly that we are fighting not only for ourselves and for our allies, but for something immortal, and that we are laying the foundations of a new order. Thus our sacrifices will not have been in vain; the generous blood poured out by the sons of France will have fertilized the seeds both of justice and liberty so fundamentally necessary to concord between nations.

—M. Ribot.

To Italy alone of all the allied nations the possibility was open of avoiding war and remaining a passive spectator. Italy took up arms gladly, less for the reconquest of her heritage than for the salvation of all the things which symbolize the grandeur of freedom. She armed herself, as today the American nation is arming herself, for the sake of an ideal. The spontaneous act consummated by the fellow-countryman of Washington is a glorious sacrifice on behalf of the hopes of all mankind.

—Garriele D'Annunzio.

Ever since her independence was first established, Belgium has been declared neutral in perpetuity. This neutrality guaranteed by the powers has recently been violated by one of them. Had we consented to abandon our neutrality for the benefit of one of the belligerents, we would have betrayed our obligations toward the others. And it was the sense of our international obligations as well as that of our dignity and honor that has driven us to resistance.

The consequences suffered by the Belgian nation were not confined purely to the harm occasioned by the forced march of an invading army.

This army not only seized a great portion of our territory, but it committed incredible acts of violence, the nature of which is contrary to the law of nations. Peaceful inhabitants were massacred, defenseless women and children were outraged, open and undefended towns were destroyed, historical and religious monuments were reduced to dust, and the famous library of the University of Louvain was given to the flames.

—Henry Carton De Wiart,
Head of the Belgian Commission to the U. S. in 1914.

What is the United States? It is a vast territory of great resources and a hundred million prosperous people, yet, but more. The republic is a system of society, a scheme of life, a plan of freedom, a state of mind—an ideal that every human shall have the utmost possible opportunity for individual development and nothing shall be put in the way of that development. It was for this and upon this that our fathers established it. This we haven't forgotten nor shall we ever forget. It is to make sure that this ideal shall not now perish from the earth that brings the United States into this war. High as the cost and great as the toll may be, we shall be better for standing where we have always stood, whatever the cost.

—Walter Hines Page.

Our children will have to read the history of what we have done during this war. Let us make the chapter that yet remains to be written one that our children shall read with pride; and they will read it only with a feeling of self-abase-

ment, unless they read that in the time that tried men's souls we have shown valor and endurance and proud indifference to life when the honor of the flag and the welfare of mankind were at stake. Put the flag on the firing line, and valiant men behind it; and keep it there, sending over a constantly growing stream of valiant men to aid those who have first gone.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Patriotism is that majestic emotion which makes you rise superior to all obstacles, support all weariness willingly, accept all discipline and joyfully face all dangers.

—Marshal Joffre.



"WE ARE HERE, LAFAYETTE."

With uncovered heads, with solemn but radiant faces, hearts bowed with grief but filled with hope, a little group stood at the tomb of the Marquis de Lafayette. They were statesmen and soldiers and peasants of France. With them were American soldiers with flowers. Gen. Jack Pershing was the spokesman.

"Nous voici, Lafayette."

That is all he said. Literally:

"We are here, Lafayette."

The oration was finished. Its eloquence will resound through the ages. It was enough.



NO COMPROMISE.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

From an address on the Fourth of July, 1918, in London.

A million American soldiers have arrived on the continent of Europe, safely and in the nick of time. They are steadfastly awaiting, side by side with French and British comrades, the utmost fury of the common enemy. That is an event which, in the light of all that has led up to it, and in the light of all that will follow from it, seems to transcend the limits of purely mundane things. It is a prodigy. It is almost a miraculous event. It fills us with the deepest awe. Amid the carn-

age, the confusion, the measureless grief and desolation which the war has caused, the conviction must be borne in upon the most secularly minded of us that the world is being guided through all this chaos towards something much better, much finer, than we have ever known. One feels himself to be in the presence of a great design of which we can only see a small portion, but which is developing and unfolding swiftly, and of which we are the necessary instruments.

There is one thing more it is my duty to say. The essential purposes of this war do not admit of compromise. If we were fighting for mere territorial gains, or in a dynastic or commercial quarrel, these would no doubt be matters for bargaining. But this war has become a conflict between Christian civilization and scientific barbarism, between nations where people own governments, and nations where the governments own peoples—between systems which faithfully endeavor to quell and quench the brutish, treacherous, predatory promptings of human nature, and a system which deliberately fosters, organizes, arms, and exploits them to its own base aggrandizement. We are all erring mortals. No race, country or individual has a monopoly of good or evil; but this war is nothing less than a conflict between the forces of good and evil. The struggle is between right and wrong, and as such is not capable of any solution which is not absolute.



GERMANY'S CRIMINAL RECORD.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

With a fanatical faith in the destiny of German Kultur as the system that must rule the world, the Imperial Government's actions have through years of boasting, double dealing, and deceit tended toward aggression upon the rights of others. And, if there still be any doubt as to which nation began this war, there can be no uncertainty as to which one was most prepared, most exultant at the chance, and ready instantly to march upon other nations—even those who had given no offense.

The wholesale depredations and hideous atrocities in Belgium and Serbia were doubtless part and parcel with the Im-

perial Government's purpose to terrorize small nations into abject submission for generations to come. But in this the autocracy has been blind. For its record in those countries, and in Poland and in Northern France, has given not only to the Allies but to liberal peoples throughout the world the conviction that this menace to human liberties everywhere must be utterly shorn of its power for harm.

For the evil it has effected has ranged far out of Europe—out upon the open seas, where its submarines in defiance of law and the concepts of humanity have blown up neutral vessels and covered the waves with the dead and the dying, men and women and children alike. Its Agents have conspired against the peace of neutral nations everywhere, sowing the seeds of dissension, ceaselessly endeavoring by tortuous methods of deceit, of bribery, false promises, and intimidation to stir up brother nations one against the other, in order that the liberal world might not be able to unite, in order that the autocracy might emerge triumphant from the war.

All this we know from our own experience with the Imperial Government. As they have dealt with Europe, so they have dealt with us and with all mankind. And so out of these years the conviction has grown that until the German Nation is divested of such rulers democracy cannot be safe.



AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

RENE VIVIANI, OF FRANCE.

We could not remain longer in Washington without accomplishing this pious pilgrimage. In this spot lies all that is mortal of a great hero. Close by this spot is the modest abode where Washington rested after the tremendous labor of achieving for a nation its emancipation. In this spot meet the admiration of the whole world and the veneration of the American people. In this spot rise before us the glorious memories left by the soldiers of France, led by Rochambeau and Lafayette; a descendant of the latter, my friend M. Chambrun, accompanies us. I esteem it an honor as well as satisfaction for my conscience to be entitled to render this homage to our ancestors in the presence of my colleague and friend, Mr. Balfour, who so nobly represents his great nation. By thus coming to lay here the respectful tribute of every

English mind, he shows in this historic moment of communion, what France has willed, what nations that live for liberty can do.

When we contemplate in the distant past the luminous presence of Washington, in nearer times the majestic figure of Abraham Lincoln, when we respectfully salute President Wilson, the worthy heir of these great memories, we at one glance measure the vast career of the American people. It is because the American people proclaimed and won for the nation the right to govern itself; it is because it proclaimed and won the equality of all men, that the free American people at the hour marked by fate has been enabled with commanding force to carry its action beyond the seas; it is because it was resolved to extend its action still further that Congress was enabled to obtain, within the space of a few days, the vote of conscription, and to proclaim the necessity for a national army in the full splendor of civil peace.

In the name of France, I salute the young army which will share in our common glory.

While paying this supreme tribute to the memory of Washington, I do not diminish the effect of my words when I turn my thoughts to the memory of so many unnamed heroes. I ask you before this tomb to bow, in earnest meditation and all the fervor of piety, before all the soldiers of the allied nations who for nearly three years have been fighting under different flags for the same ideal. I beg you to address the homage of your hearts and souls to all the heroes, born to live in happiness, in the tranquil pursuit of their labors, in the enjoyment of all human affections, who went into battle with virile cheerfulness, and gave themselves up, not to death alone, but to the eternal silence that closes over those whose sacrifice remains unnamed, in the full knowledge that save for those who loved them their names would disappear with their bodies.

Their monument is in our hearts. Not the living alone greet us here; the ranks of the dead themselves rise to surround the soldiers of liberty.

At this solemn hour in the history of the world, while saluting from this sacred mound the final victory of justice, I extend to the republic of the United States the greeting of the French republic.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE PEOPLE'S NATIONAL HYMN.

(Published by Permission.)

WILLIAM LEANDER SHEETZ.

Maestoso

PIANO

TENOR I

TENOR II

BARITONE
BASS

1. I love my home, my coun - try, En - rich'd by man - tled
 2. In cot - tage of the low - ly, In man - sion of the
 3. Let na - tions hon - or he - roes; Let wars be known no
 4. U - ni - ted States, I love thee, Be - cause thy peo - ple

hill; The val - leys, broad and si - lent, Re
 great, I hear Love's song de - thron - ing The
 more; Let God en - dow with wis - dom The

stand For Lib - er - ty thru Pre - cept; One

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Burlington, Iowa

veal a won - drous thrill; The mount - ains with their
 de - mon thought of hate. One Broth - er - hood, u -
 Land I love, a - dore. Un - furl the Star - Striped
 God, one Home, one Land! May thy great glo - ries
 treas - ures, The o - cean deeps, con - trolled, God's
 ni - ted, Thru hon - est toil, will share A -
 Em - blem! Let Az - ure Blue pro - claim Each
 crown thee With Love, thru teen - ing life; Oh
 Her - i - tage, di - vin - ing For me, a wealth un - told.
 mer - i - ca's true great - ness On Earth, in Sea and Air.
 Pa - tri - ot's de - vo - tion To God, for Home and Name.
 His - to - ry, Im - mor - tal, - When Peace o'er com - eth strife!

The United States - 2

DEDICATION SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

LETTERS TO SORROWING MOTHERS.

A German woman who had lost nine sons in the war received a letter from Kaiser Wilhelm which may properly be compared with the letter President Lincoln wrote to Mrs. Bixby during the Civil war in America :

THE KAISER'S LETTER.

"His Majesty the Kaiser hears that you have sacrificed nine sons in defense of the Fatherland in the present war. His Majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition is pleased to send you his photograph, with frame and autograph signature."

Frau Meter, who received the letter, has now joined the street beggars in Delmenhors-Oldenburg, to get a living.

LINCOLN'S LETTER.

Dear Madam—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."



A MESSAGE FROM FRANCE.

The inclosed letter is one of the many messages which have been received from the schools of France in response to the messages from American universities and schools carried to them by Mr. John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education and President of the University of the State of New York. It is reproduced in fac-simile and comes from a pupil in the Lycee Victor Duruy in Paris, which he visited on the 25th of May,

1917, and there heard the pupils singing the "Star Spangled Banner" in French, and crying in chorus "Vive l' Amerique." It is doubted if there has been a more graphic or poetic expression of that which separates the men in the opposing trenches or of that which brings America and France together.

"It was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

"The ocean is so vast that the sea gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to the other hearts are touching."



OUR FLAG.

On Flag Day, June 14, 1918, Representative Hicks, of New York, read this poem in Congress. The House rose as one man and cheered and cheered, and adjourned for the day, out of respect for the flag.

Stars of the early dawning, set in a field of blue;
Stripes of the sunrise splendor, crimson and white of hue;
Flag of our fathers' fathers born on the field of strife,
Phoenix of fiery battle risen from human life;
Given for God and freedom, sacred, indeed, the trust
Left by the countless thousands returned to the silent dust.

Flag of a mighty nation waving aloft unfurled ;
Kissed by the sun of heaven, caressed by the winds of the world;
Greater than kingly power, greater than all mankind;
Conceived in the need of the hour, inspired by the Master Mind;
Over the living children, over the laureled grave,
Streaming on high in the cloudless sky, banner our fathers gave.

Flag of a new born era, token of every right
Wrung from a tyrant power, unawed by a tyrant's might;
Facing again the menace outflung from a foreign shore,
Meeting again the challenge as met in the years before;
Under thy spangled folds thy children await to give
All that they have or are that the flag they love shall live.

CHARLES G. CRELLIN.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

LIEUT. COL. JOHN MCCRAE.

THE FLAG.

There's no coward stripe upon it,
And no shame is written on it,
All the blood that's in its crimson
Is the blood of manhood true;
There's no base and brutal glory
Woven sadly in its story.
It's a bright flag, and a right flag,
And the flag for me and you.

It's the flag without a fetter;
It's the flag of manhood better;
It has never done a mean thing,
Never waved above a brute;
Greed and hate is never shielded,
Unto wrong it never yielded,
It's a fine flag, a divine flag
That in reverence we salute.

It's the flag of all the glory
That is written in man's story;
It's the emblem of his freedom
And the hope of men oppressed;
It asks no disgraceful duty,
Never stains with shame its beauty.
It's a pure flag, and a sure flag,
It is our flag and the best.

—*The American Boy.*

THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND THE FLAG.

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
To her years of prosperity past and in store,—
A thousand behind you, a thousand before!

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us Equality's home;
But the schoolroom today is Humanity's friend,—
Let the people the flag and the schoolroom defend!

'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag;
Let the nation stand by the school!
'Tis the school bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK.

THE MARCH OF TRUTH.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims its motto
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voice of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning,
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage,
Though the enemy seems to have won;
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong
The battle is not yet done;
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labor!
O woman young, yet old!
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
And crushed by the weight of gold!
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might;
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE RED TRIANGLE.

Lift up the Red Triangle
Beside the thundering guns—
A friend, a shield, a solace
To our ten million sons!
Go build a hut or dugout
By billet or by trench—
A shelter from the horror,
The cold, the filth, the stench!
Where boys we love, returning
From out the gory loam
Can sight the Red Triangle
And find a bit of home!

Lift up the Red Triangle
'Gainst things that mar and maim:
It conquers Booze, the wrecker!
It kills the House of Shame!
Go make a friendly corner,
So lads can take the pen
And get in touch with mother
And God's clean things again!
Where Hell's destroying forces
Are leagued with Potsdam's crew,
Lift up the Red Triangle—
And help our boys "come through"!

DANIEL M. HENDERSON.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh
Guarding with watchful eye
To Thee aloud we cry
"God save the State!"

C. T. BROOKS.

WHAT MAKES A NATION?

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags or guns?
Or is it that great common heart which beats in all her sons—
This makes a nation great and strong and certain to endure,
This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes him sure;
Which makes him know there is no north or south or east or west,
But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the best.

W. D. NESBIT.

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colours before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honour and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honour,—all
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

IOWA, MY BEULAH-LAND.

I will make me a home in my dream Beulah-Land,
I will plant me a choice garden there,
I will marry myself to her soil by a bond
That shall bind me wherever I fare.

When the Lord fashioned her in the ages ago,
When he smoothed her fair face with his hand,
He prepared me a place for a garden and lawn
That allured me to this Beulah-Land.

Of her lakes, of her rivers that run to the sea,
Of her groves and her wide fertile plains,
Of her hills and her vales I am proud, and for me
Blow the south winds that bring back the rains.

I will plant in my garden that God wisely planned
All the things that respond to my care,
I have married myself to my dream Beulah-Land,
And I'll love her wherever I fare.

EUGENE SECOR, Forest City, Iowa.

THE SCHOOL—LIBERTY'S SAFEGUARD.

Our glorious Land today,
'Neath education's sway,
Soars upward still.
Its halls of learning fair,
Whose bounties all may share,
Behold them everywhere
On vale and hill!

Thy safeguard, Liberty,
The school shall ever be,—
Our Nation's pride!
No tyrant's hand shall smite,
While with encircling might
All here are taught the Right
With Truth allied.

Beneath Heaven's gracious will
The star of Progress still
Our course doth sway;
In unity sublime
To broader heights we climb,
Triumphant over Time,
God speed our way.

Grand birthright of our sires,
Our altars and our fires
Keep we still pure!
Our starry flag unfurled,
The hope of all the world,
In peace and light imperled,
God hold secure.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

IT CAN BE DONE.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied:
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that—
At least no one has ever done it;"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing he knew he'd begun it,
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands who'll tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands who prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it.
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

—Edgar A. Guest.

IOWA.

Land of the generous heart and brave!
Thy hosts leaped in the fiercest fray,
When bled the noblest sons to save
Our mighty realm for Freedom's sway.
Thy children know where honor lies,
The deeds that greatness consecrates,
And on their stalwart virtues rise
The pillars of the peerless State.

—Horatio N. Powers.

LITTLE HELPERS.

Planting the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the ducks and the chickens,
Freeing the garden from weeds;
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall,
Children, now too, must keep busy,
For there is work for us all.

Spreading the hay in the sunshine,
Raking it up when it's dry;
Picking the apples and peaches,
Down in the orchard, near by;
Picking the grapes in the vineyard,
Gathering nuts in the fall,
Children, now too, must keep busy,
For there is work for us all.

Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
Bringing the wood from the shed;
Ironing, sewing and knitting,
Helping to make up the bed;
Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her, lest she should fall;
Children, now too, must keep busy,
For there is work for us all.

Work makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong,
Play, we enjoy all the better
When we have labored so long.
Gladly we help our dear Country,
Quickly we come at its call.
Children who want to be loyal
Find there is work for them all.

—*Selected*

Suggested recitation by one of the Junior Red Cross children in Iowa's Gift.

YOUR LAD, AND MY LAD.

By Randall Parrish.

Down toward the deep blue water, marching to the throb of drum,
From city street and country lane the lines of khaki come;
The rumbling guns, the sturdy tread, are full of grim appeal,
While rays of western sunshine flash back from burnished steel.
With eager eyes, and cheeks aflame the serried ranks advance;
And your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to France.

A sob clings choking in the throat, as file on file sweep by,
Between those cheering multitudes, to where the great ships lie;
The batteries halt, the columns wheel, to clear-toned bugle call,
With shoulders squared and faces front they stand a khaki wall.
Tears shine on every watcher's cheek, love speaks in every glance;
For your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to France.

Before them, through a mist of years, in soldier buff or blue,
Brave comrades from a thousand fields watch now in proud review;
The same old Flag, the same old Faith—the Freedom of the World—
Spells Duty in those flapping folds above long ranks unfurled.
Strong are the hearts which bear along Democracy's advance,
As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way to France.

Suggested as a recitation to be given as the lads in khaki come in in
"Iowa's Gift."

A BALLAD OF THE CORN.

By S. H. M. Byers.

Oh, the undulating prairies,
And the fields of yellow corn,
Like a million soldiers waiting for the fray.
Oh, the rustling of the corn leaves
Like a distant fairy's horn
And the notes the fairy bugles seem to play.

We have risen from the bosom
Of the beauteous mother earth,
Where the farmer plowed his furrow straight and long.
There was gladness and rejoicing
When the summer gave us birth,
In the tumult and the dancing and the song.

When the sumach turns to scarlet,
And the vines along the lane
Are garmented in autumn's golden wine—
Then the land shall smile for plenty,
And the toiler for his pain,
When the soldiers of our army stand in line.

With our shining blades before us,
And our banners flaming far,
Want and hunger shall be slain forevermore.
And the cornfield's lord of plenty
In his golden-covered car
Then shall stop at every happy toiler's door.

Oh, the sunshine and the beauty
On the fields of ripened corn,
And the wigwams and the corn-rows where they stand.
In the lanes I hear the music
Of the faintly blowing horn
And the b'essed Indian summer's on the land.

Suggested recitation after passing of the harvesters in "Iowa's Gift."

BEHIND THE GUNS IN FRANCE.

A JUNIOR RED CROSS SONG

Presented to the Junior Red Cross by the author and composer

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Tempo di marcia.

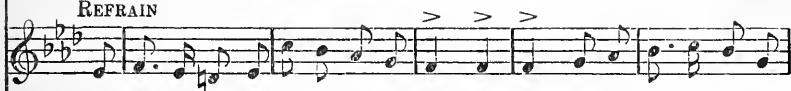
- 1 We're sol-diers, cru - sa - ders. Whose
- 2 Our ar - mor is mer - cy. We
- 3 En - list then, and join us. Each

em - blem is the Crim-son Cross; Our fa-thers, our broth-ers, Are fight-ing o - ver
wear the badge of sac - ri - fice; Our watch-word is Serv-ice; We keep our na - tion's
boy and girl thro'-out the land; We want you, we need you To help to win the

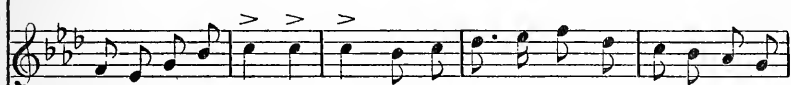
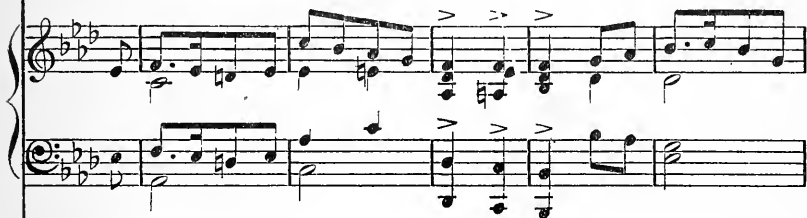
there. We're striv-ing to up - hold them And do our loy - al share.
vow By toil - ing for the help - less, With nee - dle, pen, and plow.
war That Faith and Love and Free - dom May live for - ev - er - more

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REFRAIN



Ten mil-lion young cru-sa-ders at the word "Ad-vance!" Take our stand behind the



men be-hind the guns in France. While a world of wrong they're righting We at



home are al-so fight-ing. For the Red Cross call Makes sol-diers of us all



AN IOWA PAGEANT.

BY ESSA V. HATHAWAY.

(All rights reserved.)

A flute or violin plays Cadman's melodies, as the scene opens with Indian tepees in the background, but no sign of life visible. The Spirit of the Prairie enters in a rhythmic dance, interpretive of the swaying grass and general peace of the plains. Something of invocation enters her dance near the close, and she leaves as if beckoning slowly and rather hesitatingly towards the east.

II.

THE SACS AND FOXES.

As the Spirit disappears and the Cadman melodies continue, the squaws and children come from the tents as if just awakening. The squaws begin working about their fires and the children playing. Suddenly a child sees the hunters returning from a distance, and as the squaws arouse themselves, the chorus sings "Song of Greeting," an Omaha Indian melody, until the braves enter with their skins and other evidences of their hunt, throwing them down near the tepees and fires. The Chief enters last, just as an Indian runner comes in from the opposite side and points toward the east. The Indian Chief takes his place in the foreground with his braves back of him, and the squaws and children group about the tepees. A Jesuit Father and a fur trader enter, the latter with his pipe of peace held high. The Chief knows that these are two of the strange white people, rumors of whom have reached him from neighboring eastern tribes. With their pipes held high in the air, he and his son, the young chief, with several other braves greet the strangers. A formal compact of peace is made by passing the pipe of peace from the chief to the strangers in front of the chief's wigwam. Then follows the fur trader's exchange of trinkets for skins, with Father Marquette's erection of the cross. The strangers leave and the Indians return to their old life. A representation of their old sun worship is given, consisting of a dance around a trunk of a tree, followed by the wedding ceremony of the chief's son. According to the custom of the latter, a messenger is sent from the Indian maiden's father to the chief for his consent to the marriage. A short council is held by

the chief and a messenger is sent back to the maiden's father. The girl then carries dishes, which she has prepared, to the young chief as an acknowledgment of her subservience. A wigwam is erected by the parents of the young chief and his bride. The wedding ceremony consists of escorting the two to this wigwam and leaving them there with gifts. In the midst of the dance which follows, they see the settlers coming in the distance, and the Indians realize that their valley is threatened with the encroachments of the white settlers. They turn to watch them, holding their positions dramatically, to show their sense of tragedy. Then they strike their tepees, pack them and leave in Indian file, showing dignified sorrow as they go.

III.

SETTLEMENT LIFE.

The Spirit of the Prairie runs in looking here and there for the Indians, growing dejected and sorrowful as she looks. Suddenly the sound of the flute grows louder and she turns to see the Spirit of the Corn enter playing a pipe made from the stalks of the corn. She leans forward listening tensely, and as he approaches her she begins to dance her rhythmic dance as if charmed. Gradually he leads her away, and as they disappear on one side, the music changes to Mendelssohn's Song of Labor. Several pioneer families enter looking here and there for a place to build a home, and pass on. Others follow and build a cabin while song goes on.

(Here may be introduced any stories connected with the individual community in its early days, or if there are none, the scene may continue as follows:)

From the side of the Pioneers' exit, as the Psalm of Labor ceases, a group of school children pass on their way to school with the teacher in their midst. The chorus sings "There's Music in the Air," as the children straggle slowly across, fighting, playing and hanging to the teacher. A wedding procession follows with the minister, bride and groom, parents, such relatives as are possible and several children. The chorus sings, "When You and I Were Young," and all the pioneers follow to the wedding. After they have disappeared and the music dies away a skulking claim-jumper appears,

looking here and there as if afraid of being seen, crosses the stage and disappears, only to return, to scurry across again and to re-enter with his family, who resent his dragging them into the matter. Just as they disappear one of the men from the wedding comes hurriedly on the stage, discovers the claim-jumper in the distance on his claim, raises a shout which brings the whole crowd from the wedding and they rush across the stage for the claim-jumper. They return with him and according to early regulations, give him a start and then chase after him. A group of gold diggers straggle in by twos and threes, and make a camp for the night. The pioneers come back and stop. The women and children drift in, and they all sit about singing, or the chorus singing, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." The scene closes as the gold diggers leave for the west and the pioneers watch them singing "Good Bye."

IV.

CIVIL WAR.

The Spirit of the Prairie and of the Corn come dancing in with the Corn Spirit playing his melodies. They are in the midst of a dance of joy over bountiful harvests, when the noise of fife and drum frighten them away.

(Follow individual history if there is anything distinctive, if not, continue as follows:)

A group of men and women begin to assemble for a mass meeting while the chorus sings negro melodies. News is brought that recruits are needed and the men and boys fall into an awkward drill, cheering as they march. A flag is presented them and they depart for the war. While they are gone, those left at home send off a wagon of supplies to them, and after the wagon is gone, occupy themselves in various ways, a square dance, swing, etc., until the fife and drum announce the return of the soldiers. Before the troops have disbanded a messenger enters with the news of Lincoln's death. The crowd goes away with bowed heads, while chorus sings, "My Captain, Oh My Captain."

V.

1917—19—.

Spirit of the Prairie and Corn enter in same dance as in IV, with Father Iowa between them and followed by groups of spirits in green like the corn spirit, boys in smocks repre-

senting mechanics or manufacturing, by miners, by dairy maids, all bringing some offering to Father Iowa who stands at the back with the Spirit of Corn on one side and the Spirit of the Prairie on the other, while the chorus sings, "Iowa." Groups of dancers appear representing in folk dances the different nationalities of Iowa. Just as the dancers finish and arrange themselves to the back and sides, a bugle sound is heard, a drum beats steadily for several seconds as the groups on the stage stand tense. Then comes the Spirit of '76, followed by a group of khaki soldiers, and another of Red Cross nurses who stand before Father Iowa as he raises his hands in blessing. As they turn to go, the Spirit of the Prairie runs to the front and the whole procession of Iowa's prosperity and varying nationalities lead the soldiers and the nurses off, as Father Iowa stands alone.

(Note. Reference for music, dances, suggestions for costuming and staging may be had by writing Miss Essa V. Hathaway, 1005 Equitable Building, Des Moines.)



IOWA'S GIFT.

BY EMMA CASE MOULTON, Des Moines, Iowa.

A Spectacular Presentation of Iowa's Part in the Great War.

Time: Harvest time at end of America's first year of the great world war.

Place: Iowa's throne room in God's great out-of-doors.

Dramatic Personnae:

Iowa—Queen of all Commonwealths.

NOTE: The pageant that appears in this leaflet will be too elaborate to be used by small schools, so we give here a suggestive outline of a spectacular presentation of Iowa's contribution to the great war. Its purpose is to stimulate the study of Iowa's resources. No speeches are given, as the value of the exercise is to be gained by having these worked out in the schools. It is hoped that the study necessary to present this exercise satisfactorily may function in eager service for country through the Junior Red Cross. The outline is merely suggestive. Each teacher will elaborate it as she sees best. Facts and figures helpful for use by the speaker of each group are made available in the last pages of this booklet.

HER SUBJECTS ALL LOYAL IOWANS.

The curtain rises on stage trimmed in Autumn leaves and flowers. At back center on slightly raised platform stands a simple throne.

It is Iowa's accounting day and hither she has summoned her subjects to make account of their service in the vanishing year.

Music is heard and Iowa's attendants enter. Six girls dressed in bright colors give an interpretative dance of the leaves. (If this isn't possible they can enter singing an Autumn song). As they finish Iowa enters.

Iowa is a tall stately girl in russet gown with girdle of gold, a circlet of goldenrod on her head, a spray of goldenrod for her scepter. She enters slowly and thoughtfully. An attendant leads her to her throne. As she faces the audience the attendants salute with—"Hail! Iowa, our Iowa. Queen of all Commonwealths, fearless and free."

Iowa replies that if she is fearless and free it is because her throne rests on the love and loyalty of her subjects and because over them all still floats the flag that stands for freedom and Commonwealth. But happy she is not, nor has a right to be while just over the seas her sister republics are ravaged and torn by ruthless destruction.

All her wealth, which is her glory in time of peace, is a reproach in time of war, unless dedicated to the cause of righteousness.

Then she explains how this, Iowa Day, is to be a day of accounting; that she has summoned all her loyal children to come with the wealth of the year. As she stops speaking the sound of footsteps is heard and her subjects arrive.

Group I. The Harvesters.

Two boys representing corn lead the group. They carry stalks of ripened corn. They are followed by four girls, each bearing a sheaf of grain, one wheat, one rye, one oats, one barley. One can speak for the whole group, presenting Iowa's yield of grain, or each can speak for himself. As the grain and other products are presented they are placed about the throne so that at the close the stage will be a picture of abundance.

Group II. The Herders.

Boys bringing the flocks and herds. The number of cattle, sheep and hogs raised in Iowa can be put on placards carried by these.

Group III. The Dairy Maids.

Girls with butter bowls and ladles. They can come in with dance or a drill, at close of which one presents Iowa with the yield of "Iowa gold."

Group IV. The Miners.

Boys wearing miners' caps and carrying picks over their shoulders enter with banner showing number of tons of coal, etc.

Group V. The Gardeners.

Boys and girls bringing pumpkins, squashes, bright colored peppers, carrots, etc., and Iowa hears the story of the war gardeners.

Group VI. The Money Changers.

Liberty Loans, War Saving Stamps, Gifts to Army Y., and Red Cross.

Group VII. Boys in Khaki.

Martial music and the lads in khaki come—Schools having military drill can give a drill here.

Group VIII. The Navy.

Group IX. Red Cross Nurses.

Group X. The Junior Red Cross.

This last and largest group should be the little children. They come in singing the Junior Red Cross song printed in this booklet. Each child can represent some special activity of the Junior Red Cross, the knitters, the garment makers, surgical dressings, etc.

If the stage is large enough the groups have taken places about the stage after leaving their gifts and Iowa sits surrounded by her loyal subjects and her great wealth. She is overwhelmed with the magnitude of their gifts and their unselfish allegiance. She accepts them all, not that they may add splendor to her throne, God forbid! but that it may

give new strength to the mighty forces waging war against the powers of darkness.

She steps from her throne, places on it a flag that has stood near, as she does this saying, "No throne of mine, but the holy altar of Liberty on which I place my all."

(Curtain.)

THE FLAG SALUTE.

Pupils stand with right hand uplifted, palm downward, to a line with the forehead, close to it. In respectful salute all repeat slowly and reverently:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands! One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

At the words "to my flag" the right hand is extended towards the flag, and remains so until the end of the affirmation. Then all hands drop to the side, and pupils sing "America."

If used out-of-doors, group pupils around the flag pole; if within the room, the flag should be properly displayed during the salute.

PRIMARY FLAG SALUTE.

"I give my head, my hands, my heart, to God, and my country. One country, one language, one flag."

Touch head with right hand in military salute; extend arm forward, right hand over heart; point to flag.

IOWA ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Iowa men in army service prior to September 1.....	\$6,000
Iowa men registered for army service Sept. 12, 1918.....	

Financial Contributions.

Liberty Bonds sold in Iowa under first loan.....	\$ 30,248,600.00
Liberty Bonds sold in Iowa under second loan.....	83,047,400.00
Liberty Bonds sold in Iowa under third loan.....	117,211,450.00
War Savings Stamps sold to Iowa people.....	31,512,113.80
American Red Cross War Fund contributions.....	4,300,000.00

Activities of the School Children.

Junior Red Cross, number of schools organized.....	3,664
Junior Red Cross, number of pupils enrolled.....	210,400
Amount raised for Junior Red Cross Fund.....	\$ 59,553.71
Iowa Boys' and Girls' Canning Clubs, members.....	6,000
Iowa Boys' and Girls' value of production.....	\$ 224,195.45
Baby Beef clubs, value of production.....	30,977.57
Pig clubs, value of production	16,364.60
Corn clubs, value of production	122,731.75
Other Boys' and Girls' clubs, value of production.....	597,238.71

HOW IOWA HELPS SUSTAIN THE WORLD.

Crop and Mine Production for 1917.

Corn, bushels	410,700,000	Rye, bushels	900,000
Winter wheat, bu.....	2,975,000	Hay, tons	3,887,000
Spring wheat, bu.....	5,375,000	Potatoes, bushels	4,132,494
Oats, bushels	246,950,000	Coal, value at mine	\$ 21,096,408
Barley, bushels	10,500,000	Gypsum, value at mine..	1,811,432
		Cement, value	6,810,863

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCTS IN IOWA.

Swine, no. in 1916.....	6,683,476	Poultry, number 1916....	35,760,027
Cattle, no. in 1916.....	4,083,171	Eggs, dozen sold	97,739,302
Horses, no. in 1916.....	1,464,933	Butter, lbs. (1917).....	94,269,685
Sheep, no. in 1916.....	567,423	Ice Cream, gal. 1917.....	4,227,397

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State Parks of Iowa

A black and white photograph of a rocky shoreline. In the foreground, several large, light-colored rocks are scattered along the water's edge. To the right, a dense thicket of bare, dark trees and shrubs grows on a slight bank. The water is calm, reflecting the sky. The overall scene is serene and naturalistic.

Welcome You



220.78 acres in all . . . characterized
by precipitous cliffs . . . vine clad ledges
. . . and great canyons overhung with hick-
ory, elm, maple and chestnut oaks . . .
and under foot, native wild flowers and
rare ferns . . . the meeting place of the
flowers of the North and South. Native
animals too, at Wildcat Den! Foxes,
coyotes, coons, opossum and gopher . . .
the home too of many species of Northern
songsters. An old mill used up to the
present time is a reminder of early
settlers in Iowa. At Wildcat Den, Nar-
riss, the wondrous handwork of Nature,
the "Cave of the Mounds" . . . unrar-
raged, holding forth promise of a delightful
sojourn for all who visit there.

10. The use of the park to exhibit wild animals in custody or the placing of curio is not permitted, except by a resolution of the State Board of Conservation.
11. The exploring of Indian mounds are other relics of antiquity will not be allowed except on express permission of the State Board of Conservation.
12. It is unlawful to remove wood, fruit, or other products from State parks.
13. Keep the park neat and clean.
14. The park custodians are ordered to remove all unlawful weeds from the park.
15. Persons using offensive language or guilty of any other unlawful acts are subject to arrest by the police officer.
16. Separate areas will be used for picnics and stumps.
17. Please register with the custodian.

LYING in Monona County, right at an oxbow lake, formerly the channel of the Missouri River, —you'll find the Lewis and Clark State Park. A good fishing lake . . . and formerly a good lake for hunting. 700 acres of beautifully wooded areas laden with all the native trees and flowering shrubs.

IN Emmet County, is Lake Okampanpedan bi-sected by the Iowa-Minnesota state line. Of historical interest, the name was given the lake by the Sioux Indians. The name was later recorded and maintained by the first early French explorer, Nicollet. The historic nesting place of the great herons . . . a beautiful wooded tract adjoining the lake.

aware County! A wonderful vista offering infinite diversions for the nature-loving vacationist.

John Linn

18 H3
1918
Copy 1

State Parks
of Iowa





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Do Something

*Do something for somebody, somewhere
While jogging along life's road;
Help some one to carry his burden,
And lighter will grow your load.
Do something for somebody gladly,
'Twill sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrows of others,
Your own are less hard to bear.
Do something for somebody, striving
To help where the way seems long;
And the homeless hearts that languish
Cheer up with a little song.
Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed—
There's nothing on earth can help you
So much as a kindly deed.*

—J. S. CUTLER.